OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 16. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, August 4, 1910. Number 19.

OUR SYNODICAL ORPHANS' HOME.

PART VII.

Little Joe's Church.

The pathetic life of our Little Joe Gilland has been told in OUR FATHERLESS ONES in February 1904, when he was taken from us by "The Reaper Death," but the story of such a life is ever new, and is so near to the hearts of our people, it will bear telling again.

On September the 1st 1901 two children were brought to our home. Janie Gilland, aged 7 years, and Little Joe, her brother, then about 6 years of age.

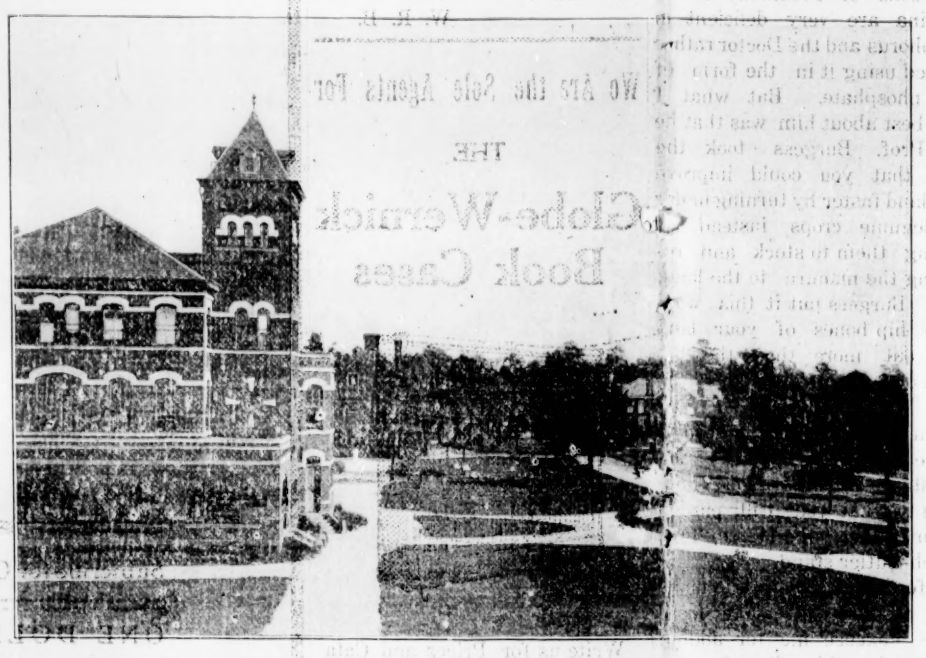
Little Joe was a frail boy with a warm heart, a very tender way of saying and doing things, and his whole personality was so unique, he would have attracted attention anywhere, and at Barium he was beloved of all the household, from Dr. Boyd, down to the smallest Synod's Cottage boys no bigger than himself. Joe was naturally shrinking and timid, was no athlete, but he was a favorite on the campus, and enjoyed the innocent play that seems most attractive to small boys. His loving heart just loved everybody, and everybody loved him.

Little Joe had a very keen perception of "good-ness and good things," and "bad-ness and bad things."

The story is told of him that on one occasion one of the "big sisters" was teaching him his Catchism, and told him to say in answer to a question, "The Devil tempted Eve and she gave the fruit to Adam."

Joe refused to say it, and when asked why? he answered "because it is a bad word." Joe compromised on calling the arch enemy, Satan, instead of Devil. We wish we could have talked with Little Joe about the stars, for as he would go back to Synods Cottage after supper, he loved to look up into the Heavens and talk about the stars. He never could quite understand, "Where the stars went in the day time?" for he could not take in the idea, that the sun was brighter than all the stars, and if he could have gone down into a deep well, and look up out of the darkness, he could find some of those very stars in the heavens that had not gone away.

One night as he gazed upward he said with tender pathos in his voice, "When us gets dead us'll go up there," and Little Joe has already soared through the star depths, into the "land of pure delight." Music was little Joe's delight, and he had a most sensitive ear to all good harmony. Not only would he catch the bright popular airs, in our Sunday School books, but even music that bordered on the classic, appealed to him, and he was not long in learning tunes that were difficult. On one occasion the Piano in Rumple Hall was tuned just before Christmas, and the first time Joe heard it after the tuning, he listened most intently for a while, then said: "is that the same Piano?" When told that it was, he said: "Who sounded it?" He knew something had been done to it, his quick ear caught the improvement, and he was looking into "the why" of it.



Little Joe's favorite song was, "When the Roll is called up yonder," and how he delighted to sing it. We are quite sure he sings it now in Heaven, having answered the roll call in his own dear little voice, that was so ready here to testify his love to Jesus.

Little Joe had one dominant idea which he often expressed in his own words, "When I get a big man, I'm going to build a church with a porch to it." Many times did he affirm this, but it seems that through his early death, should come the church, that was the fondest hope his dear little heart ever cherished in life.

On Sunday morning February the 1st 1904 our dear Little Joe most unexpectedly to most of us, was called "to go among the stars," and find his place in the Heavenly Choir. He had not been well, but on Saturday seemed better, and sat up all day. When the other boys got up on Sunday, he begged to get up too, but it was thought best for him to lie quiet; yet he was told a place would be fixed for him. "A big brother" stood ready to carry him down when the place should be ready. He noticed that Joe closed his eyes and seemed to be going to sleep. He took him up and carried him down, but it was our dear little boys last sleep. In less than three minutes, his little heart was still and his breathing hushed." A great sorrow settled down upon our home, for we had parted with one who filled a large place in every heart.

In Little Joe's purse was found 45 cents he had saved up toward the building of a church. And Dr. Boyd told so pathelically the story of his life, that money began to flow in, in large and small streams, and in 1906 the building of "Little Joe's Church" was begun. In 1907 the church was completed and now stands a worthy monument to the memory of this remarkable child.

While in the Synod's Minutes it is put down as "Barium Springs Church," it is best known through out the Synod as "Little Joe's Church," and will doubtless be thus known for all time.

In our Cemetery, Little Joe was the first to find a resting place. Although we had previously lost two children who were buried else where.

We are sorry we have no picture of Little Joe's Church, but we hope before long to get one. Mr. Wakefield tried to get a good view of it but the artist did not succeed.

We still have Janie Gilland (the sister Dittle Joe loved and was so proud of) with us; and she is getting to be one of our "big sisters."

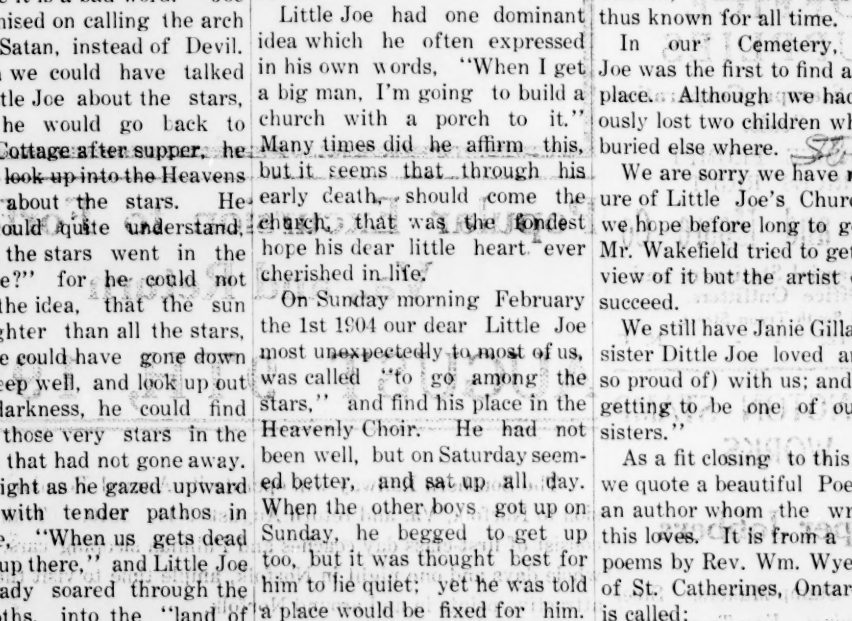
As a fit closing to this article, we quote a beautiful Poem from an author whom the writer of this loves. It is from a book of poems by Rev. Wm. Wye Smith, of St. Catherines, Ontario, and is called:

"MY WEE LADDIE."

I hing about a little grave where
a' my treasures lie;
But the yellow hair that's beddit
there shall wave aboon the
sky,
And the flower I tint sae early,
wi the dew upon the lea,
Shall blossom fair in sweeter air,
in my ain countrie!

His een had aye a something that
spake o' heaven the while;
Some angel fair had kissed his
lips and left the angel
smile!
I wadna hae him back again; his
bark is anchored free,
Where I would fane the harbor
gain, in my ain countrie!

Not heaven to earth, but earth
to heaven, and then the
long embrace;
And there in deed, as now in
dreams, I see him face to
face!
And e'en that fauldit like a
flower shall ope to welcome
me,
And his wee hands clap when I
win hame to my ain
countrie!



A LOAD OF BLACKJACK.

BY WM. LAURIE HILL.

A small, illgrown, tallow-faced boy sat patiently upon his little load of blackjack, waiting for a purchaser. It was in the market place of the old town of F——, and Cyrus Rudd had often driven his old steer "Andy Jackson" to this same spot, on the same errand, for Cyrus had to hustle, and make every penny he could, for the four children that death had left in his keeping out on a fifty acre tract of land in the sandhills. Martin and Mary Rudd (the father and mother) had both died within a few days of each other, and now, the five children, (Cyrus being the oldest, and just fifteen,) were left to get a living as best they could.

There were three girls, Sara being next to Cyrus, then Lottie and Linnie, and the youngest was baby Benjamin, just three years old.

It was a sad day when the children all came home from the "buryin ground," and realized by sad experience, what it was to be both fatherless and motherless.

"Now childen," said Cyrus, "I got to be Father, and Sara must be Mother, and we got to scuffle through some how. Mam said, we must read the Book, and ask God to help us, and I reckon thats the best thing to do." So Cyrus got down from the shelf the big Bible and opened it just at the 46th Psalm. "See here Sara!" he exclaimed. "It says, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble,' that must mean us." So after reading the Psalm through, Cyrus and all the children knelt down and he opened his heart to God.

"O Lord! we be in trouble, we haint got much, and we dont know much—help us O Lord! to get a livin' and show us how to do it—for Christ's sake, Amen." Cyrus after establishing a family altar, took his ax on his shoulder and went out to a little clearing his father had begun in a piece of blackjack woods, and went to work at the most available thing that presented itself with a promise of immediate return in money. Here he had toiled all winter, and now in early March we find him patiently sitting on his load of wood in the old town F—— waiting for a buyer. The money from his wood had kept his little family supplied with necessities and Cyrus found that somehow he "was gittin along," as he expressed it.

As he sat waiting, waiting, an old gentleman came up, saying, "My little man, is that wood for sale?"

"Yes sir," replied Cyrus.

"How much do you ask for it?"

"Fifty cents sir."

"How far have you hauled it?"

"'Bout five miles sir."

"That is not making money very fast son."

"Cant help that sir, tothers sells their wood at that, and I cant get more."

"Well I will give you seventy-five cents, it seems to be an honest load, with a little light-wood to kindle with. Just drive around behind my store and throw it off, come this way."

Cyrus followed the old gentleman and piling the wood for him back of the store came into the Drug store for his money. Looking up into "one of the gentlest man-faces" (as he afterwards said) he had ever seen he asked:

"Does you keep truck for sick folks?"

"Oh yes! that is my business, what do you want?"

"Sara telled me not ter forgit ter bring some cough truck, fer our little Bennie, he right 'bout loses his breath sometimes."

"I have the very thing for Bennie, here is a bottle of it, give him a teaspoon full every three hours until he is better, it will fix him all right."

"How much do you charge fer it sir?"

"Oh! nothing, and here is your seventy-five cents too."

"You is mighty good to weeans sir, and the God Mam told us so much about, will make it up to you."

"Where is your mother, has she gone away from home?"

No sir—and yes sir too. Dad he died just afore Thanksgiving, and Mam she tuck and died too just afore Christmas. So weeans is all to the lonesome out at "the Briar Patch."

"Which road do you live on Cyrus?"

"Straight out west sir, right up the hill yonder and keep on. Hits a little log house nigh some blackjack woods, and has a big hickory tree a grown in front of the house."

"How many of you are there?"

"Jest five sir, and I'm the oldest, then three gals, and our Bennie."

"How are you getting on, got plenty to eat?"

"Well, sir, we aint sufferin,' I been haulin wood all winter and that has kept me in money to buy things. We got some taters left, a few cabbage, and Dad he left us four shoats that I killed about Christmas, so we have some meat. And then Sara looks arter the chickens, and I brung 6 dozen eggs ter town today."

"You are a provident fellow Cyrus, and now I want to make a bargain with you. Here is five dollars, you bring all your wood to me through the Spring and Summer, whenever you haul any, and all your eggs and chickens you have to spare. You will soon pay me back the five dollars, and have me in your debt."

"Now Mister, I must know your name, fer you is the best man I ever knowed."

"My name is Hinton, (they call me Dr. Hinton,) you will see my name and the number of my store, on the bottle I gave you."

Doctor, you don't know how much you has done fer me, I jess owed five dollars on mam's funeral expenses, and I'm gwyin right around and pay it."

"No! no! Cyrus, here is another five dollars, go and pay Mr. Baxter, and keep this five dollars to help you with your spring crops. You will want seed, I have them here; you will want help to break up your land. I am going to help you through this year Cyrus, and see how good a farmer you are.

(Continued on page four)

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

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PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

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Thursday, July 28, 1910.

THE SOUTH ATLANTIC TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD CO.

Is this a real thing? Not yet, but unless all signs fail it will be. We have recently received an address from S. A. Jones of Waynesville, N. C. President of this road, to the Counties vitally interested in the construction of this road. In which he outlines the work already done, and emphasizes the absolute necessity for its construction. Mr. Jones has broad ideas: he wants 22 States to join in securing this new line, reaching from the lakes of the far north-west to the Atlantic, and he wants a United States Coaling Station at Southport, N. C., which will put the coal fields of Tennssee and Ohio in nearest touch with the ocean, and save the United States Government millions in money by giving her coal at less cost than is now paid in the way of extra handling and freight. Mr. Jones wants the Senators and Representatives from all these States to strive to secure Congressional aid in getting inland water ways, and in getting the Nicaragua Canal built. There are two ports on the South Atlantic coast that will yet loom up as great ports of entry to the future South and North west: and these are Southport, N. C., and Port Royal. With their natural advantages they cannot always be kept out of sight, and if we had the Nicaragua Canal, we should be from six hundred to a thousand miles nearer South Africa; all South American and Pacific ports, and vastly nearer China and Japan, than we will be by Panama Canal.

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We hope Mr. Jones will be able to realize many of his expectations for we believe his road would be a mighty factor in developing mining, manufacturing and production, and prove one of the great arteries of trade in building up the country.

THE ELDERS AND DEACONS MEETING AT SUGAR CREEK CHURCH.

Old rock-ribbed Mecklenburg Presbytery, came up with strength and power at the call for this meeting at Sugar Creek Church.

This old Church was altogether a suitable place for the meeting, for it has a history. This (we believe) is the third edefice that has stood on this spot, and now, there stands an old fashioned brick church there, with ample seating, and only one little cock-loft of a gallery, which is much after the fashion of the olden time. Nearby is the old Cemetery of Revolutionary days, where sleep some of those heroic men who helped to make history over a hundred years ago.

This meeting was called to order by Rev. J. E. Berryhill, and Elder John R. Pharr was made Moderator with Deacon Trotter as Clerk.

The devotional exercises were very interesting and the singing was remarkably good.

The discussion on "God's gift of the Elder to the Church as part of her equipment," was opened by Elder Neal of Sugar Creek Church in a most thoughtful paper.

"The character of the Elder," was then considered, and this was followed by an open informal discussion that brought out some fine speaking talent on the part of Elders and Deacons who are probably too often silent in our church meetings.

The wonderfully abundant lunch provided, was also ably discussed, and here at least, there were no drones in the work.

The afternoon was given to a discussion of the origin, character, duties, and obligations of the Deacon. And was chiefly discussed by Deacons, led off by Jno. R. Pharr, who seemed to have a remarkable nack of getting hold of the right men for each branch of the topic. Deacon W. H. Johnson of Charlotte read a paper that was packed full of good things; another brother who was evidently sound in the law, made an earnest appeal to all Deacons, to be more faithful in the discharge of the duties of their responsible office. The subject was finally presented by Rev. Dr. Law of "The Presbyterian Standard," in one of his thorough talks, that leaves little else to be said.

The writer was not privileged to attend Thursday's session, which he greatly regrets, but with the names of Elders E. T. Causler, James W. Pharr, Arthur Henderson, and Prof. A. F. Long; together with Elder Geo. Wilson, Rev. F. D. Jones, and Rev. H. M. Pressley on the program: we know there was a feast of fat things. Let us have more of these gatherings of our Elders and Deacons.

WM. LAURIE HILL.

We are indebted to Mr. W. R. Bailey for the following article:

STATE FARM PICNIC.

After breakfast Tuesday the twenty-sixth of July we took the vote of the farm boys whether or not to go to the State Farm Picnic. It was unanimous in favor of going from William Beach up to Lee Martin. So George, our grey mule, and John, our black horse were hitched to the "low down" wagon and soon fifty-eight feet were hanging over the 6x16 foot frame on the handy wagon. We had five miles to go to Statesville and two out to State Farm, which is on the June Bug Railroad, so called because when the road was built so much gold was found that you could even see it on the wings of the June bugs.

Mr. T. B. Parkes was just finishing his talk when we arrived. He seemed to be the leader and a very efficient one too. He is one of the best institute workers it has been my pleasure to know.

This farmers institute has been growing year by year both in the number of people attending and in the interest shown till now it would be hard to find a more intelligent and interested assembly of people, than was gathered at the State Farm last Tuesday. You could tell by snatches of conversation here and there that the farmers were studying their problems in real earnest.

The lectures were all good but those by Prof. Burgess and Dr. Kilgore impressed me most. One could quickly tell that Prof. Burgess had the thoretical knowledge along with much practical experience. He talked very much to the point on soil improvement, advising very strongly the growing and turning under of crimson clover, vetch and peas.

Dr. Kilgore spoke on fertilizers giving the results of very extensive trials at the state farm. The Doctor is a very able chemist and planned the experiments which have been conducted by Mr. Meacham, the efficient Superintendent of the farm. The experiments show that the clay soils of Piedmont North Carolina are very deficient in phosphorus and the Doctor rather favored using it in the form of acid phosphate. But what I liked best about him was that he like Prof. Burgess took the stand that you could improve your land faster by turning under the legume crops instead of feeding them to stock and returning the manure to the land. Prof. Burgess put it this way if the hip bones of your land stick out more than the hip bones of your cow, then feed the land.

I am glad these men in authority are taking this sensible practical stand which is almost opposite to what you will pardon me for calling, the Massey-Poe-French-Butler stand.

Of feeding more stock to make more manure to make more feed — excuse me for adding the rest, but this often forms a vicious circle that gets no where but makes yourself prematurely old and makes the boys declare they will never be a farmer.

Now I dont want to belittle animal husbandry in the least because sometimes I think that it is a higher type than plant husbandry, but I do believe that considering the South's great ignorance of keeping stock successfully and the great ease with which we can grow peas, crimson clover, and vetch; the quickest and cheapest way to improve our unproductive soils is by growing and turning under this great trio of legumes.

After the talks by Messrs. Burgess and Kilgore I found here and there groups of men discussing this subject for against it, and I must say most seemed to take the stand of the speakers of the day. We hope to see and hear more of these two leaders in agriculture.

By the time these lectures were over it was 12:20, and several boys thinking I had left my watch had told me that it was twelve o'clock. So we went for our dinner, twenty-nine of us, twice that many nice white potatoes that were still warm, the same number of apples, fifteen loaves of bread, and two pounds of butter: ten minutes and the boys, myself, and my friend, Mr. Watts was all that was visible. No Fletchering you say, no but it was to the spot. A simple wholesome and satisfying meal so all pronounced it.

After the recess there were talks on stock, fruit, etc.

The Horticulturalist, Mr. Shaw was there and we tried to get him to come down to see our pear orchard, but he had to press on to his next appointment.

Mr. Meacham has a very promising young pear orchard, also some pecans started.

He certainly has a great deal to look after still his crops were in good condition, clean and thrifty. We would like very much to see him grow some crimson clover. The difficulty I believe has been that it leaves out in the winter. If he would try it sowed at the last working of corn that was planted after rye turned under in the rough stage we feel sure he would get it to stand the winter.

We came back by Mr. Orr's to see Mitchel Orr's piece of prize corn. There are 23000 stalks on one acre and some days it grows six inches.

Mr. Orr wants to rent some land to shock thls on when he cuts it and if any one has any to let out reasonable terms he would do well to communicate with Mr. Orr. This is a magnificient piece of corn and we wish Mitchel much success with it.

When we were two miles from home there was a heavy shower for about fifteen minutes, but when we reached Barium we still found lots of dust. Every one voted the Picnic a success, and are hoping for another next year. All including George and John were tired and glad to get back home.

W. R. B.

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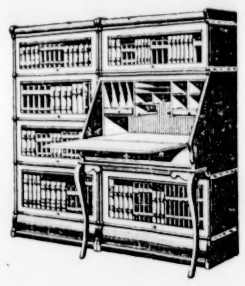

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Ground Limestone vs. Burnt Lime

Editor Southern Planter:

Apropos of the discussion of the comparative value of caustic lime and ground limestone' I contributed the following experience:

In 1906 a field of six acres was seeded to alfalfa after an application of 1,200 pounds of agricultural lime and inoculation. A good stand was secured over most of the field and five cuttings was made in 1907. After the third cutting in 1908 an alfalfa renovator—a tool highly recommended in the West was used, but distinctly injured this crop. So much so that only two light cutdings were had in 1909 and reseeding became necessary.

On two-thirds of the field freshly burnt shell lime was applied—1,400 pounds to the acre—on the other third the same quantity of ground limestone.

The difference in the alfalfa at this writing is marked. Where the limestone was applied the growth is vigorous and should give a ton to the acre at the first cutting. The rest of the field will not average half a ton. The line of demarcation is sharply defined.

I am inclined to believe that destruction of organic matter by the caustic lime is responsible for the difference, but no matter what the cause of the difference may be, the result is in favor of the limestone.

C. U. GRAVATT.

Carolina Co., Va.

BLUE RIDGE LIME COMPANY,

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OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

How to Send Money and Supplies.

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All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

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HOME HAPPENINGS.

We call the attention of our readers to the popular Railway Excursion to Norfork on Aug. 9th. on the Southern Railway. With first class day coaches and Pullman Sleepers.

Our most efficient nurse Mrs. Leonard left us on Saturday last for her vacation which she has richly earned. We hope she will have an enjoyable and restful time.

"Guy Blar!" said one of our small boys, "don't eat so much! you done broke your chair puffin' out so:" but Guy said nothing only kept his knife and fork going all the same.

Miss Susie Turner one of "the big sister" is leaving us for a visit to her friends in the old home at Garner. Susie is a most efficient helper in our office and while we wish her a joyous outing, there is not one in the home that will not welcome her home again.

So many of our large girls are taking their vacation now that the dining room looks as if a cyclone had struck us. When a big girl comes back from her July outing, she receives quite an ovation.

Miss Janie McEachin has returned from a delightful outing at Montreat. She reports the gathering there of a most genial company with everything to make these hot summer days glide by; each moment bringing life, health and pleasure. What a happy thought was the establishing, of this charming Religious Sanitarium.

About 35 of our children who are "stay-homers," were invited by 1st. Presbyterian church of Statesville, to accomplish their Sunday School on a picnic to Davis Springs on last Tuesday. Two wagons were packed with jolly happy children, who were taken to Statesville, there to join the picnicers. This means a good time, they will come back tired and sleepy, but what of that! they had the fun and a good dinner.

We heve a number of bright little tots in "Annie Louise Cottage" that are a joy to the whole campus and our Editor thought he would take it a little at a time and make three of them smilingly happy. So he brought from Mooresville on picnic day, three cute little fans and the happy possessors, of them, are Ivy Ford, Annie Jordan, and Maggie Purnell. Now Wont they flirt those fans.

We had the pleasure of hearing two sermons on last Sunday from Rev. Mr. Robt. E. Fultz from Plum-tree, he is fond of work among children and has been engaged in the Plum-tree work for some time. He seems much impressed with the work being done at Barium and enjoyed his visit to us.

Over hearing some talk between our larger boys the other day we caught the following. "Well he did! yes, he just did that." "I didn't do that, or anything like it," was the response. "If I had done such a thing! I should have felt like crawlin' off and dyin'." We were glad to hear this boy say that for it showed that he had within him (as the small boy said) "a grand despise for a mean thing."

We have queer experiences at the Home. Our Matron at Synods Cottage was having a thorough bathing among her small boys on last Saturday afternoon when one of them, about the color of a bronze stature from Iredell dirt, said "Miss Shellem! what do you do all this for we don't bathe at home." Is it any wonder that with so many children of no opportunity, in our land, that we find Pelagra and other diseases attacting these humble homes as well as other homes. Let us thank God that we are priviliged to teach Godliness and cleanliness, at Barium Springs.

The August vacation is here and quite a large flock of our girls and boys are leaving us to visit friends and relatives in different parts of the State. It is a joyful day to our children for they are just like other children, and enjoy both rest and change. After the winter and spring work in school, on the farm, in the workshop, print shop, and laundry; it is a great pleasure to step out into another world for a little while. We shall miss them, and will be glad to welcome them back, as we are now welcoming our Julyers that are coming on almost every train. We are sending out our dear children, and hope they will prove creditable representatives of our handiwork in making and moulding character. May they remember. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

We call attention to the recent issue by our "North Carolina Board of Health" of Dr. John A. Ferrell's article on "Hook Worm Disease." The highest Citizenship is only to be obtained by those having "a sound mind in a sound body." Health therefore [redacted] every body should read and inform him or herself as to this enemy that is creeping into so many homes.

OUR MOORESVILLE PICNIC.

We had the pleasure of taking to our Mooresville Picnic no less than 51 of our children on last Thursday, and oh! what a good time they had.

We call this "Our Picnic" using the possessive case, because this is the 16th year that Mooresville and the country around there, has held a picnic solely for the benefit of Barium Springs Orphanage. The last Thursday in July each year, people "lay down the shovel and the hoe," stop the plow, give "a day off" in factory, shop, store, and all go to the picnic ground to spend their money on a good dinner, and "the merry-go-round," that our Orphans may have a good time, and the surplus from all this fun, goes into the Treasury of Barium Home. Some years they have turned in as much as a thousand dollars: the receipts last Thursday were between twelve and thirteen hundred dollars. So we should have quite a sum coming into our support fund, and it never could come at a better time.

The speaker of the day was Hon. Josephus Daniels of "The News and Observer," and he gave us a splendid talk. His subject was taken from Uncle Remus, in the words of Brer Terrapin: "I totes my own house on my own back: I messes wid nobody, and nobody messes wid me." He desired that his hearers should reverse the idea of Brer Terrapin, for it was our duty to mix with people, to live for others, as well as our selves, and to make the world better while we live, leaving it better than we found it. He made a beautiful allusion to Little Joe's life at Barium, and how an idea born in that little child's brain, should have built a church to the glory of God, and for the uplift of his fellows.

He being dead yet speaketh, and his short life is daily proving how God uses even the little child to develop his divine plans. The crowd at the Picnic was just immense, with every kind of vehicle there from a motor cycle to a go-cart and the people were gathered from at least five counties.

We certainly are under many obligations to Messrs. Howard, Hawthorne, Deaton, Turlington, and many others for their zeal in making this picnic a great success. The children greatly enjoyed "the Picture Show," indeed everything, from the music of the Band, to that glorious dinner.

On Friday of last week Our Superintendent Rev. Wm. T. Walker, and four of our workers Miss Harrington, Miss McLeod, Miss Shellem, and Mr. Bailey, went on the excursion to Thomasville Orphanage and spent a very pleasant day. Brother Walker on arrival with his party went immediately to the Orphanage grounds, and lost no time in seeking out Supt. Kestler. He was in the act of introducing his workers when Mr. Kestler's attention was arrested by the coming of another gentleman who took him to one side, and he was evidently so busy that he did not get back, before our party had to make use of a limited time in looking aronnd. Brother Walker had a very short time at his disposal as he had business in Greensboro which took him away on the 12:55 [redacted] another [redacted] Walker who would enjoy all that his workers did, in their survey of the Thomasville Orphanage.

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A LOAD OF BLACKJACK.

(Continued from page one)

Now is there anything else you really need?"

"No sir! I feel rich, don't owe nobody a cent in the world 'cept you, an I'm gwyin ter pay that, afore the 4th of July; good-day sir, an God bless ye."

Cyrus surprised Sara, Lottie and Linnie that evening by carrying each of them a red ribbon for their hair, and "a sursingle a piece," as he called the belts he bought to match three new calico dresses.

Dear little Bennie was not forgotten but was soon down on the floor with a big Canton flannel Elephant by the tail, dragging him around, and roaring, like he supposed an elephant would. It was a happy evening, and Sara had planned and executed a nice supper, with plenty of hot "hurry bread," some broiled chickens, and with a rich pitcher of "old Crumple's milk: they had a feast that rich people might have envied.

It was a mild afternoon in early April, when Linnie came running to the field where Cyrus and Andy Jackson were running corn rows, and almost out of breath said: "Come ter the house quick Si— there is two old folks there in a buggy, waitin ter see you."

Cyrus unhitched Andy Jackson and led him to the lot, then went into the back porch, washed his face and hands, brushed his towzeled hair, and passing through the house, found Dr. Hinton and a sweet pleasant faced old lady, sitting on the little porch.

Cyrus had early been taught politeness, and his welcome to his visitors did him credit. "Why Dr. Hinton, I'm glad to see ye, and I 'spose this is Mrs. Hinton, ye are welcome too. Come Lottie, run and fetch some cool water from the spring."

"You have a tidy little place here Cyrus, and Mrs. Hinton thought she would like to come out and see the place we have been getting all those fresh eggs and chickens from, so here we are."

Meanwhile Mrs. Hinton had greeted all the girls, and little Bennie in a snow white one piece garment, had become so friendly as to be willing to perch on the old lady's lap. "Have you broken up all your corn-land Cyrus?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes sir! I will have fifteen acres in corn, and have planted ten acres in cotton. This is as much as I can tend without too much hired labor: for I have also my garden truck and taters, along with a pea nut crap. Sara, Lottie and Linnie mostly work the garden, an with a little extra help for workin out cotton an layin by corn, I can pull through all right."

"You don't mean to say you have done all this work with that old steer in the lot?"

"Nearly all sir—I did have a little help from a neighbour, and am to pay him back with our labor in cotton pickin time."

"Would you like to have a horse Cyrus? I mean have you forage and grain enough to feed another animal?"

"Why yes mam, but I aint able ter buy a horse."

"Well, you don't have to, I have a splendid old horse that I am looking for a good home for, he is only 10 years old, but the Doctor has given me another horse, and I don't want two, so old Dan must go: would you take him?"

The eyes of Cyrus filled with tears as he said: "Oh Madam! how can you and the Doctor be so good to weeans? a horse has been the dream of my life."

"Well, come into the city tomorrow and you shall have Dan, don't bring any other vehicle unless you have to haul a load, we have harness for him, and may find also some wheels to hitch him to."

A pleasant breeze was blowing and the ruddy faced old Doctor and his good dame begun to get cool and rested after their drive. Sara excused herself, and calling Linnie, they were soon down at the little spring-house, and had filled two pitchers: one with butter-milk, the other with sweet-milk, and ten minutes later they were serving their guests.

"What! cool butter-milk, of course I will take some," said the Doctor; while Mrs. Hinton said that, "sweet milk was good enough for her." The Doctor pronounced the butter-milk "the very best" he ever drank, and also said, "it was worth the ride of ten miles just to get a drink of it."

* * * * * * *

We must now pass over a few years, and we now find Cyrus Rudd quite twenty-one years of age, and more sturdy and healthful than his earlier days had promised. While he had but few educational advantages, he had improved himself, and by dint of hard work, had created a snug little bank account, had improved "The Briar Patch," and by much economy had given Sara, Lottie, and Linnie good school advantages in the city, old Dan taking them back and forward in the neat Rockaway, Mrs. Hinton had given them.

Dr. Hinton never lost sight of Cyrus, they became fast friends, and the old gentleman told Cyrus he was going to educate Bennie for a pharmacist, and wanted him in his business.

"Well! well!" exclaimed Cyrus as he saw life opening up before him. "God is our refuge and strength," and did ever so much come out of selling one load of Blackjack.

CITIZENSHIP AND PUBLIC HEALTH.

Responsibility for Public Health Our Greatest Civil Resdonsibility.

The essential difference between the citizen and the savage is the expression in his daily routine by the former of the principle, "No man liveth unto himself." This biblical axiom is the basis of civilization, because it expresses a relation that law defines and controls. It naturally follows that the clearer our mental perception, the more distinctly will we recognize the many and subtile bonds that unite our fortunes or our fates into a web of weal or woe. Knowledge gives acuteness of mental vision, and, therefore, it is knowledge that opens the gates of a higher civilation and gives to him who desires the opportunity to become a better citizen.

The relation of one man's property to another's is easily recognized, and is firmly established upon a universally accepted principle of civil law. The relation of one man's life to another's has only within the last half century been established upon principles of natural law. But as yet, the knowledge of these naturally laws has not been widely enough disseminated to produce sufficient public sentiment to weld them into our statutes.

Man's greatest civic obligation is to the public health. This sounds like the exaggeration of an enthusiast; Nevertheless, it rests upon those primary and fundamental principles of law that for over four thousand years have been the basis of civilization. Writ in tables of stone by the Supreme Judge. Himself, these legal principles are so comprehensive as to embrace man's every possible relation: His relation to the Court of Heaven: his relation to the court of home, and his relation to the court of man. But note, and note carefully, that the first of the five rules governing man's relation to man is the law protecting life. First, not by haphazard, but first by Omniscient design, because it is just as fundamental to the last four of these five laws as life is fundamental to chastity, property, reputation' and neighborly comfort. Note further, that "Thou shalt not kill" carries no provisions limiting its application to the 5,000 deaths occurring annually in the United Statesthrough willful acts of commission, and excluding the 500,000 deaths annually occuring in our country by an act of passive omission. Every citizen who does not take a serious interest in the public health of his or her community is a partisan to this criminal destruction of life. Like Lady Macbeth dipping bloody hands in water, we say, "Out! damed spot," but it willd not out, for all the real and feigned ignorance and indifference into which we sub merge our individual and public consciences.

And now, lastly, how can the conscious citizen—this does not include everybody—discharge this obligation? He can easily inform himself, with a total amount of reading of not over ten hours of the principal facts which will enable one to take an active and intelligent part in this work, He can be supplied, with—outcost, with this literature by writing the Secretary of the State Board of Health at Raleigh to place his or her name on the mailing list for the monthly Bulletin. He can read articles on this subject appearing in this paper monthly. He can vote for aldermen, county commissioners, and legislators who are informed in regard to this important problem.

NEW MEXICO AND THE SALOONS.

Congress has passed an enabling act under which New Mexico will soon become a full fledged state. This enabling act requires that the new constitution shall provide for toleration of religeous sentiment, and after saying what the new organis law must and must not contain, the enabling act says it shall provide that "the sale, barter or giving of intoxicating liquors to Indians and the introduction of liquor into Indian country are forev prohibited."

The good people of New Me co cannot understand why if t prohibition of the liquor traffic right so far as t. Indian is cerned, and such a position the part of congress cannot construed as an infringem of the personal liberty of the dian on the one hand nor g ernment "confiscation" of loons and brewery property on the other,—why do not same principles apply to the prohibition of saloons as it affects the people whose skin is a shade whiter or entirely white.

TheAnti-Saloon Leagues are making a vigorously fight in New Mexico to have the new constitution provide for the total abolition of the saloon in the new state. The whole country sincerely hopes that the movement will be successful.—Selected.

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Lv Farmville	9 06am	7 16pm		8 49am
Lv Greenville	9 35am	7 45pm		9 17am
Lv Chocowinity	10 15am	8 25pm		9 57am
Lv Washington	10 30am	ar8 40pm		1 00pm
Lv Mackeys Ferry	12 30pm			5 00pm
Lv Edenton	2 00pm	† 7 45am	• 3 15pm	5 00pm
Ar Elizabeth City	3 00pm	8 55am	4 25pm	6 10pm
Ar Norfolk	4 25pm	10 40am	6 10pm	7 55pm
Lv Raleigh	• 6 15am	• 4 25pm		‡ 6 00am
Ar Chocowinity	10 15am	8 25pm		9 57am
Lv Chocowinity	10 59am		• 5 27pm	10 00am
Ar New Bern	12 10pm		6 40pm	11 10am
Lv Goldsboro		† 7 00am	† 4 20pm	
Lv Kinston		7 55am	5 20pm	
Ar New Bern		9 05am	6 35pm	
Lv New Bern		9 16am	6 45pm	11 15am
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